Dark Chocolate Caramel

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/53786308.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Hannibal (TV), Charlie Countryman (2013), HEU - Fandom, Hannibal Extended Universe - Fandom
Relationship:	Will Graham/Nigel (Charlie Countryman)
Characters:	Darko (Charlie Countryman), Nigel (Charlie Countryman), Will Graham
Additional Tags:	Hitchhiking, Domestic Violence, Murder, nigel is smitten with will, darko is so done with his ass, will is like twenty
Language:	English
Series:	Part 3 of Sourweather's Chocolate Sampler
Stats:	Published: 2024-02-14 Words: 1,482 Chapters: 1/1

Dark Chocolate Caramel

by sourweather

Summary

While driving late at night after a job, Darko and Nigel pick up a young WIll Graham on the side of the road.

Notes

You select the Dark Chocolate Caramel square from your Chocolate Sampler. It's a little bitter, full-bodied and rich. The chocolate casing snaps almost violently when you bite into it, and thick caramel oozes from its shell. It's almost too much to eat in one bite.

See the end of the work for more notes

Sometimes, Darko really fucking wished he could beat some sense into Nigel. But the time comes that a man's gotta be realistic about his situation. And if he hasn't managed to do it yet, he probably isn't going to.

Still, on nights like this, he considers giving it another shot. They'd been driving through the rain for fucking hours— scratch that, *Darko* was doing all the driving while Nigel sat there like a fucking passenger princess— taking backroads through the God damn boonies to avoid any unwanted attention. All Darko wanted, in all the world, was to get back to their hideout without issue, and get some sleep.

So of course, because the world is a cruel fucking bitch from time to time, Nigel spots a figure on the side of the road.

"Stop the car."

Darko frowns at the road ahead, headlights cutting hard through the night. There hasn't been a single streetlight in ages. "No."

"I said pull over, man," Nigel insists, nearly pressed against the window. "There's somebody out here, a hitchhiker or something."

That catches his attention. "You want me to turn around and pick up a fucking hitchhiker? Have you lost your mind?"

Nigel sighs sharply. "Come on, have a heart, D. It's fucking pouring out there."

"Since when do you give a shit?" Darko asks, but he slows down a little. He looks across the car, and curses under his breath when he sees Nigel's face. He knows that fucking look, knows that Nigel's not letting this go.

"Should've left your ass in Bucharest," Darko mutters, and he turns the car around.

He sees the figure, this time around, and instantly understands why Nigel was so hellbent on playing the hero tonight. "Just can't help yourself, can you?" he says as he slows to a stop beside the kid. "Pretty boys make you fucking stupid."

He's hunched over, shivering arms hugged tight around his skinny frame. There's a mop of long dark hair plastered to his face and neck, and he frowns warily at the two men through the window.

Darko rolls his window down, the fierce wind splashing his face with freezing rain. The car floods with a sickly warm glow as Nigel flicks on the overhead light. "Need a lift?" he asks.

The kid just holds himself tighter, staring at the car. Scanning Darko and Nigel, looking for signs of trouble and probably finding them.

Nigel leans across the car, raising his voice a bit to be heard over the storm. "You're fucking soaked, beautiful. Let us give you a ride."

They all stare each other down as the kid weighs his options. Eventually, he reaches for the back seat's door handle. Nigel sits back, watches him through the rear view mirror. Makes no secret out of devouring the poor bastard with his eyes. Darko can practically hear him licking his chops as he observes the kid's shivering legs, his trembling lip, the thin shirt clinging to his torso.

"Fucking pervert," Darko mumbles in Romanian, and Nigel ignores him.

"Where are you headed, darling?"

The kid shrugs, looking everywhere but ahead. He looks less like he's been rescued from the rain and more like he's being held hostage. Smart boy.

His voice has got an odd little lilt to it when he speaks. Sounds like a cowboy from an old American movie. "Anywhere but here." His brows draw further together. "Where are y'all going?"

Nigel shows his teeth, and Darko rushes to cut him off before he can say a fucking word.

"Our place is pretty far from any cities, kid. Middle of fuckin' nowhere, really. You won't be able to get anybody to pick you up there. We'll drop you off at the nearest town, I'm sure somebody's got a phone you can use."

Their passenger sinks even further in on himself, at that. "I don't have anybody to call," he says softly. "I don't really know what to do next, to be honest. I just... couldn't stay there anymore."

Beside him, Nigel has gone from having the time of his fucking life to looking like he wants to rip somebody's head off. Darko eyes the boy in the mirror again, and a grim understanding comes over him.

There's a landscape of bruises on the kid, old and new, dotting his arms and blooming over his kneecaps. There's a fresh one on his face, just under his right eye. Hasn't quite gone purple yet, but it's angry and swollen.

For a few seconds, nobody says anything. The irritating fucking disco mix that Nigel turned on suddenly feels horribly inappropriate, like Donna Summer is mocking them. When Nigel finally breaks the silence, Darko recognizes his tone instantly. It's the voice of a man with death in mind.

"...Who is he?"

Darko stops the car. The kid chews his lip, stares at his battered knees. Darko sighs.

"What's your name, kid?" he asks, heavy with resignation. Well, if they're gonna do it, they might as well be quick about it.

"...Will," he answers, almost a whisper. He swallows, looks in Darko's direction. "Will Graham."

Nigel turns in his seat, gives him the smile he saves for the pretty ones. “Pleasure’s all mine, Will Graham. Now why don’t you tell me and my friend here who the fuck did this to you, and where we can find him?”

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About fifteen minutes later, the three of them are parked outside a run-down little crack house in scenic bumfuck nowhere. Turns out the guy who’s dying tonight is Will’s boyfriend. Or he was, until Will got sick of being smacked around every night and ran out. Fucker named Dan who never did anything for anybody. Safe to say Darko’s pretty confident he won’t be missed.

Nigel pushes his hair back, pulls his gun from the glove compartment. To Will’s credit, his face barely changes at the sight of it.

“You just sit tight, darling,” Nigel tells him, and smiles. “I’ll be back before you know it.”

Will nods, a little shaky. Nigel looks to Darko.

“Keep an eye on him.”

“Just get this over with,” he grumbles, and waves Nigel off.

The two of them watch Nigel saunter inside. They don’t speak, but Darko observes Will. There’s something to this kid, something hard and bleak. He doesn’t flinch at the sound of the first gunshot from inside. Or the second. Just sits there, staring straight ahead. Darko’s seen that look before, recognizes it as the look of somebody whose seen some shit.

Yeah, probably for the best that this Dan fucker is dead.

Nigel opens the backseat when he returns, looking to Will from across the car. “Is there anything in that house you want, darling?” he asks, flicking raindrops everywhere as he speaks.

Will shakes his head. “I just wanna forget this place.”

A sharp, business-like nod, and then Nigel is sliding into the seat next to Will.

“...You saved my life, tonight,” Will says. “Dan would’ve followed me wherever I went.”

Nigel shrugs it off, like killing that piece of shit was as simple as holding the door open. He places a hand on Will’s scrawny thigh, and the kid doesn’t stop him. “I’m glad I could help you out.”

Darko rolls his eyes, mutters some choice words in their native language. “Where to, sir?” he asks sarcastically, and Nigel gives him a mean spirited smirk.

“We’re taking him with us to headquarters.”

“Like hell we are. Look at the kid, he’s skin and fucking bones.”

Will looks between the two men, able to tell by tone that they're arguing but lacking the ability to parse the words.

"You heard him. He's broke with nowhere to go."

Darko grits his teeth. Nigel turns to his new pet, all sugary sweet.

"Are you a hard worker, darling?"

Will's hard blue gaze flicks from Nigel to Darko and back. "I guess so," he answers at last.

Nigel gives Darko a pointed look. "See? You mind getting your hands dirty?"

Both men tense when Will places a hand on the door handle. "...What kind of dirt?"

Professional that he is, Nigel just chuckles easily. Darko doesn't really understand it, but he's never seen a man who can get what he wants like Nigel can.

"Nothing too extreme," he lies. "And you'd make a shit ton of money doing it. You'd never be left with nowhere to go again, I can tell you that fucking much."

And like the devil himself, Nigel offers Will a hand.

"So what do you say, beautiful? You wanna stick with me?"

Will eyes the house, now eerily silent. He's seen what Nigel's capable of, how easily he can make problems go away. Pretty attractive quality to have, providing you don't plan on becoming a problem.

His pale hand gets swallowed up in Nigel's when they shake, and for the first time tonight, Will smiles.

End Notes

Thank so much to: DangerousDan, MrsKk, and Redeye17 for the ingredients I used in this chocolate!

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